Jim Dont let Quentin come this week: as we're having Vita & Joeng out; but next I hope.

Rodmell

53

1925

Dearest,

We have already accepted the Keyneis for dinner on Friday. What we suggest is that we should come to tea with you, so as to them, & then, if possible, induce them to come round after dinner for the fun it works. — if that suits you. I dont suppose they want much inducement. Has Lydia got fish use of her legs? — after not being thought about so long. My present toe is quite numb. However these fourth furnitures are all timed, as I have an awful confession to make — really something ghastly: Esther Nelly has thrown away your the design you lent me, or the pattern has taken it. It disappeared completely yesterday, after I had been working at it the night before. What am I to do to express my apologies? I had it traced exactly onto the Canvas. Could you re-paint it if I brought this? Montaigne admired it so much that I half suspect him

I will write you a story in return, but then you
must think much of stories.

I wrote the Telegraph in such a hurry that I
think a good many indiscretions, not to say
indecencies, may have crept in. Also it is very
vulgar. I think it would be better to keep it
for the Bells alone, unless you go through it
blue pencil it, for which you have my permission.

I am stained with blue all over. For
Gods sake take up the making of wall
papers. I'm sick of the long monotony of
distemper, besides which, when dry it is totally
different from what one expects.

No: Ka is still to come. She asked
herself, having been dreaming of Rupert.
Why can't she ever wake up from the year
1911? There she sticks with Rupert
copulating in Berlin & Dudley Ward & Gwen & Jacques. Pah!

Montie was as fresh as a lark. & as
cheery as a sparrow, as lively as a
trout, & as — in short highly agreable
company: but then tastes differ, & when you
tell me you're having Jayen & Barbara for a week or
two, also Hope Basenal, I turn up my nose.
Are you going to stay with Ethel
at Dieppe?

Yours

HAMILL 2/10/64

SB
1923

54

Monks House,
Thursday.

Dearest Dolph:

a Thousand Thanks for the various objects which I am fascinated by. However, my diabilities as a needlewoman are such that I shall never do you credit. I can't tear myself from it I am in the heart of the Rose at the moment. I came back to find a stout budget from Roger, who had been stricken at Dakar in a French train with the desire to translate obscure medieval French poetry, & had gloriously reeled off about 10 difficult sonnets into perfect English: also a budget from Saxon who thought I might like to know that he was reading Frontinus de Legibus in a Café in Vichy where, he made bold to say, Frontinus had never been read before. And then we Clacum to be normal human beings. Anyhow

Dolphin is the best weather & the eccentric — never did I see such a sight as Dolphin in a needlework shop trying to conceal her picture under the counter which promptly fell flat on the floor to the horror of ten spinster women buying post cards.

Tell Clive — this will interest you — that a lady in a large blue motor car stopped a small boy in Rodmell village two days ago, & gave him a large bunch of roses, an earthenware pan containing several rocks & small alpine plants, & a letter telling him to give them to Mrs Woolf with her love, & then drove off. This was our (Clive's & my) Vita.

Leonard is coming to see you. I am kept very short of pleasures still, but submit, like the sweet hearted innocent I am. Tell Angus: that I'm in daily touch with Doris of Nicosia Road Wandsworth, & find it a [redacted] clammy [redacted] proceeding. The perspiris - she is without charm. Tell Duncan I wish to God he would come & see me.

V.W.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/64

Sch 1925

I've bought a lot more
woods, & work hard, but not
hopefully.

Monks House Wednesday
Rodmell.

40

I enclose the only one of Li signatures
I can find.
But if you want his full name,
I daresay Nould get it.

I am sending you a book by a
brother bruch by the way, for the
Take of the pictures — never return it.
The Keynes' are back, entirely rigid
in Russian shirts, boots, hats &c
& are on us this afternoon. Tilton is too near.

If you & Duncan were to come over,
& leave me the - he delighted,
but I don't expect you can.
Oh thanks for the Venison —
delicious.
We awpne to be going back so soon.

Sept 29 1923

~~Tuesday~~ Monday

Dearest Dolph:

We go on Friday, at cockcrow, so come before then if you can.

Leonard saw Lottie yesterday. Karin does seem to be very bad — in fact it sounds ghastly, but they hope it may improve. They had to give up going to America.

As for Lottie elle est amoureuse de l'homme qui mène les vaches à Thorpe, et elle répond passionément (c'est bien ennuyant, mais que voulez-vous?) L'Amour est le tout puissant dieu des mortels, et l'homme, qui s'appelle Claud Crisp, est vraiment beau, et habite, avec sa belle mère, une petite maison bien commode, dans laquelle le grand docteur, William Sell, naquit il y a plusieurs années.

55v

This is a deadly secret – even about
Sir William Gull.

Give my love to old Conrol when you
see him – & then the snake, is no
thicker than a whip, but deadly.
Roger has fallen over a hurdle
shutter at Cannis by night & knocked
out all his front teeth. NYPL

Sussex is becoming nothing but
an annexe to Chelsea – we only
smiled by the skin of our teeth –
whom do you think? – Herbert
Fisher!

I'm for the Isles of Stornoway.

B.

HAMILL 2/10/66

Yes an immense number of curious thing – nothing so odd as Dolphin Morph in her Delphinery – Quentin, Julian, & Angelica to wit.

1926

The Talbot Inn,
Iwerne Minster
Blandford
Dorset.

Please give the Children these, old Aunts' love.
A letter from Noel Vaughan Williams!
V.W.

Friday. April 16th

Dearest.

You are a scandal to Letterhood not to have written – Everything in the way of excuses is always left to me. The time will come when exhausted nature sleeps. But, you will say, the hen is lost: but, I reply, my flock of hens will only last, with care, 6 years.

Anyhow it is a pouring wet day. Naturally, the weather broke the first morning, & we have only seen the country, which is nevertheless so divine that I could well describe it for pages, under a black cloud, which is not becoming. Nay, as I say, it is pouring. Leonard refuses to have the fire. We have just put our notes out, that is all. This is a perfect Inn – that is the only consolation: hot baths, big fires, good food, always the Chance of Cream; & yesterday roast chicken.

Inverness Museum is entirely controlled by Mr. Ismay, a millionaire, so that rare flowers burst out of every cranny in every cottage: the villagers wear specially knitted red waistcoats, if male; if female, red cloaks. You might well eat off the street. The shops are stocked with commodities - & all this, I say, in the midst of dour, wild meadow, trout streams, ancient bridges, stone houses, of which the most romantic to me is Skipsleton Manor, where the great-hearted Beckford lived, of whom you know nothing, so I say no more. We have been twice to Shaftesbury; of which I say no more, because you have not read Jude the Obscure; a town on a hill, with a view, which I say no more, because of those one things you can't nohow tolerate: its descriptions - yet as a painter, you do nothing but describe views - so how rationalize your contradictions, eh?

But you'll like to hear about the dogs, I know. If there is any doubt anywhere about the perfect roundness & sweetness of English family life, I hereby denounce it. The G. Dogs are more than you could dream of. Of course Lolita is rather drowsy now: but then she is grown very fat; like a large chest of drawers

Covered in a ~~bat~~ black velvet pall. She dozes a little,
but only with supreme caution. And with the map.
There is Walter benevolent as an ape, merry, jolund,
facetious: & his son Charles, 6 ft. 6. who, I assure ye.
picked Walter up in his arms, kissed him all
over, blessed him, then rushed across the room.
Right Kitty off her feet, — the whole atmosphere
was so overpowering in its affection & humility
that I quarrelled with Leard all the evening
about profound natural happenings: why we
haven't got it: its beauty, & so on; which he died
was sentimental; & one would find Lola on
couple more. All the rooms are heavy with
Charles Furse — how my recollection is he was
a loud, voluptuous parent, with great
gusts of red & yellow paint. Not a bit like
(at midday) got from him, so we went out, &
have now lunched off cold chicken & ham tongue —
(his) mention in case you are motoring near, &
advise you to stop your car at the Talbot)
Charles Furse's pictures are the most pinched,
wintry, effeminate things you can imagine.
Lolla in black silk. singing: Lolla in a
large straw hat walking: Walter without any
legs: but only a dash of acrid green
Cheyne in the room: all the rest anaemic

& sentimental to a degree, as you would say.

Not much light was thrown on the Cartwright mystery by Angles. – except that he had taken one of Leonard's jokes seriously. All he could say was that he had the impression she was dissatisfied. I am sure her really thought this; but it aint much to go on. Otherwise our conversation was rather inconclusive, & broken short; & we are to have another next week. On principle I believe it wrong to employ ones friends or be employed by them. It lends such acerbity to every question. With old Cartwright it just blows over. However, we shall be coming down on Friday next, if Phillox is willing, & I propose to have a grand opening party at Monks, when the two plugs will be pulled & the hot water turned on in the bath for the first time. Perhaps you will come. Or we will come to you.

NYPL

Inspector, as I heard nothing. That Clive's electric light has been turned off.

Sunday, motoring in a bus through Poole to Bournemouth where we lunch & see the town, which will be very exciting – in short I'm all in favour of your plan of taking to the woods. Even in black horror like this one

HARRIS